



# Canibus Lyrics

"Melatonin Magik"  
(feat. Professor Griff)

This is Melatonin Magik...

Sumerian, Chinese, Egyptian, Latin  
Nobody can match Canibus when I'm rappin (what happened?)  
Captain Cold Crush get it crackin  
There's more than one person right now that's not laughin  
Squash microphones with unknown chromosomes  
To discover the codes that controls the brain's frontal lobes  
The pineal gland glows (go! go! go!)  
Don't look back, I got ya back bro  
He's a high profile target, code name Sergeant Armpits  
He was Rakim Allah's first artist  
Lemme bus' em; naw, I'm a punish em, Ra  
I'm a show you how the mothafuckin government lie  
Got nothin to do with pride, you must realize  
Few of us will be alive by Solar Cycle 25  
I tried to look for solutions, that's not enough time  
They won't be satisfied til every one of us die  
Aight, calm the fuck down and listen to my rhymes  
The only way that you can free yourself is your mind  
First thing you gotta do is put the antagonism behind  
Then you gotta put ya life on the line  
The reward is great; the risk? Even greater  
Fellowship can only make a Braveheart braver  
Watch who you followin, watch who you praisin  
"Yes We Can" backwards is "Thank You Satan"  
YES I'm Jamaican; YES I'm a patriot  
NO I will not forsake you for a paycheck  
YES this is victory, YES I can taste it  
NO I'm not a Mason, I'm followin my trainin  
They monitor my body functions from central London  
My heart rate is thumpin, I suffer from numbness  
A robot arm shoves the drugs in  
My scrubs are disgustin and sullen, I smell like cub skin  
Funky, funky, funky odor; Bridgewater, South Dakota  
My spit fizz like soda, I'm in a coma  
In a pagoda, nurse McLovin  
Says she wouldn't fuck me if I was her husband  
Don't trust the bitch  
I'm in a warehouse alone  
I hear doors open and close,  
No phone, no intercom controls  
Wouldn't matter anyway I'm in a paranormal zone  
Goose bumps grow, I could hear a few ghosts moan  
I'm a mastermind, tryin to amplify the frequency of the rhyme  
So I can learn to fly

So yeah, fuck a punchline  
I'm past that prime, that's not a crime  
So go find someone else to dick ride  
Focus on the truth, it's long overdue  
It woulda never happened if I told you what I wanted to do  
The Inconvenient Truth is a convenient truth  
012 solar cycle 24 commin soon  
I promise you Canibus achieved the impossible  
It's only logical it's time for the truth  
Whether I'm gonna be around to witness it or not  
I spit this shit for hip-hop  
Twitter niggas type their hype they write Canibus smash the mic  
Cause you can't blackball the light  
They know my hands always been tied  
You call that a fight?  
Give me the mic I call in an airstrike  
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide  
There's some things in this worls that money can't buy  
Respect, honor, fuck it, it's all corrupted  
The media can not be trusted  
You shouldn't need a budget, to rep hip-hop  
You don't have to suck dick just to get your shot  
Just work with what you got  
Don't be a robot, be human  
Influenced by hip-hop music

It ain't nothin like  
It ain't nothin like  
It ain't nothin like hip-hop music  
It ain't nothin like  
It ain't nothin like  
It ain't nothink like hip-hop music  
50 plus bars is some new shit  
It's called Melatonin Magik and music  
50 plus bars is some new shit  
It's called Melatonin Magik and music  
No bullshit  
Take it back to 1997 exclusive clue shit  
The most intrusive MC in hip-hop music  
Lyrically you can't do shit

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Kriminal Kindness"

(feat. Professor Griff)

*[Canibus:]*

Yo,

I've been dealing with hate since 1998

I punished the industry by dominating mixtapes

None of ya'll can stop the onslaught of those bars

Rainfall and fireballs fell from the stars

The speech pattern of God, I ripped off weak rappers jaws

Whoever ignored lyrical law

Hip Hop didn't understand it at all

They couldn't manage my thoughts

So I retreated to the land of the lost

Don't talk about beats talk about bars

Canibus so raw that rejection is your only response

Give a fuck if I sell one unit

'Cause that was never the motivation for me to do this, stupid

I've already proved it

Now I must prepare for my posthumous interview with the vampire Druids

That are coming to relieve me of my fluids

Believe me I'm the truest, that's why they can't stop my music

*[Professor Griff:]*

The coming casteless slave society

Obviously the government lied to me

The Illumanti's kidnap of Hip Hop is plain to see

Dead or alive you heard it from the Can-I-B

*[Canibus:]*

Yo,

I will not forsake the light, you can not force me to fight

I will always pay the ultimate price

Whether I am wrong or whether I am right

I've been a martyr all of my life, my archetype talks to the mic

I eat emcees on behalf of Iron Mike

I'm a fireball of the night, an extra-terrestrial airstrike

Call me on Skype tonight, we can talk if you like

I denounce fear like Steven Greer and his wife

The subject matter sound barely connected

Even when it's understood it's rarely respected

The evidence is staring directly at the detective

Alex Jones left me a message saying I won't be accepted

NOW who's the skeptic

The Melatonin Magik Deception

I will never be available for questions, get the fuck out my session

I've learned my lesson, media suppression is a weapon

They fucked up Hip Hop's progression

*[Professor Griff:]*

Yes

Melatonin Magik, Melatonin Magik,  
Melatonin Magik, Melatonin Magik

*[Canibus:]*

How many emcees must get dissed, before somebody whispers don't fuck with Bis

My Survival Skills surpass Kris, watch this

You got a rap for every emcee? GO GET IT THEN!

Why you dick ride Def Jam, they not your friend?

Make your mind up, I thought you was not with them

Fucking comedy, speaking on flawed philosophy

You'll never give props to Keith,

Or Canibus for Undergods release

Go right ahead, dismiss it,

We ain't submissive, we spit lyrical lyrics

I got the right of to live off it, I live it

And I'm a voice my opinion, can't nobody make me think different

My spirit feels like it's in a prison

I speak on the music conspiracy but nobody wanna listen

I talked about this shit years ago

I told my family if they kill us don't be scared to go

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Hip-Hop Black Ops"

(feat. Professor Griff)

*[Canibus:]*

The Nephilium Pharaoh, the three thousand year old scarecrow  
Hang you from your nose on a square pole  
The squid faced rock beast with swamp croc teeth  
And a two headed parrot with a desert fatigue beak  
Step out the depths of Hell, exhale sceptic smells  
Decorate my bitch breasts with bells  
The arthropod tentacles controlled by mental vegetables  
Calculated correctitude down to the decimal  
Spectacles of doom and gloom and sonic booms  
Republicans ride brooms around nuclear mushrooms  
You are safe from the nuclear fallout  
Now you will crawl out into the hands of a monster now  
The best emcee turned his launch codes over to me  
On my command you will turn the key and we'll see  
You know nothing of discipline, you can never go where the Ripper's been  
The maze in those caves are infinite

*[Chorus x2: Canibus]*

Can't stop, won't stop, Hip Hop Black Ops  
The aftermath aftershock is a disaster in a box  
With a blue and red ribbon, your writtens were uploaded to the system  
The satellite showed me your position

*[Canibus:]*

The text is a sick rep for Rippers  
The leaders have discovered we the sickest and they wanna sit with us  
Through the computer viewer cube like peritubular  
Project: Blueberry Fuscia, one of the two possible futures  
Revolution Ripper movement you can't stop it  
You can't change the outcome, stop resisting stupid  
I write what some would call marathon songs  
The music industry tried to banish long bars  
Your story is weak, your inventory's shorter than your feet  
Every week I slaughter seven beats  
I'm the 'Beast from the East'  
My title can't be touched nowhere on the street  
I hear a lot of emcees speak  
They fail to recognise that it ain't about beef  
I took it to the streets, I took it to the stage  
If I believe I am not the illest I'm insane

*[Chorus x2: Canibus]*

*[Canibus:]*

The vocal spitter serial killer

Heads up display with a ticker and a pitcher and picture of the Ripper  
Neurotransmitters hooked up to his central nervous system  
It feeds him the purpose and the vision  
Jailbreak but not out of prison  
Internal hard drive spinning eighty-eight lyrics per minute  
For global transmission, the funky technician on a mission  
Strapped to a suicide written  
Inside my own mind scripting altruistic composition  
Musician, wisdom is God-given  
Anoint him with oil, anoint him with wine  
Anoint them both with Tesla coils if they quoin my rhymes  
I make things real, I make things that ain't, sound I'll  
A very good screen writing skill  
My higher self is outside the realm where time is felt  
Inside Orion's Belt, get them

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Dragon Of Judah"

(feat. Professor Griff)

*[Canibus:]*

Yeah, The Dragon of Judah

Melatonin Magik producer

Yeah,

Mr. Magorium's metaphor emporium

Vanglorious warriors with deep space euporia

The Dragon of Judah executed the Lion from Narnia

I'm still trying to build God's army up

The pedagogy tried to call me a communist

And pacify my audience, sprinkle them with zombie dust

The isosceldren is a prison for a three headed demon, Hip Hop behemoth

Knowledge is needed to argue with the followers of Jesus

Rearranging impossible peices, my quantum is increasing

I am sleeping in a posturpedic, deeply breathing

Dreaming a chakra site-seeing, philosophically speaking

I saw Ghandi weakening from now eating

I saw police brutality beatings

I saw the leaders getting into spaceships and leaving

I tried to search for possible meanings

But I couldn't see the logical reasoning

Said survival of the species, no Macbook no PCs

No electricity, no TV

No emcee battles, no Christmas carols

Just international?

Brown produce consumed by sick cattle

Bone thin mammals hooked up to intravenous vaccination panels

Collecting contaminated skin samples

This is not natural, God damn you!

Everybody on the planet don't deserve that, not even the animals

You are completely culpable for everything you're supposed to do

Even if it's not known to you

The weight of the language I spoke to you

The weight of the letters and the words in the rhymes that I wrote for you

Are so so emotional, I don't even know what to do

So I'm a leave the choice up to you

Dragon of Judah

I spit like a supernatural computer

Professor Bis, I'm with the Minister of Intelligence

Hold me down Professor Griff

*[Professor Griff:]*

Minds that produce minds that produce minds like mines

*[Canibus:]*

Now everyone want to talk about conspiracy  
You should of took Channel Zero more seriously  
Professor Bis got a ghetto Ph.D in Chemistry  
Professor Griff taught me how to spit it lyrically  
Now I'm part of the Ministry  
Put my name on the blacklist  
'Cause I don't dickride nobody in the industry  
Where's the fuckin' empathy? I've been through so much treachery  
Most of the best emcees disrespected me and tried to get the best of me  
Never tried to rescue me or help me with the reciepe  
What do they expect from me!?  
Stressin' me, questionin' me to address the beef  
I rep Hip Hop, Hip Hop don't rep me  
I never got a penny off that Beef DVD  
You mean all that money went to QD3?  
I should have slammed the door in his face  
If I was a different nigga, I'da been caught a criminal case  
The best word to describe what you do to Hip Hop is 'rape'  
'Cause you don't care about Hip Hop's fate  
You sit around your tables and say grace  
Eatin' steak, while you live like kings and treat kings like apes  
For Michael Jackson money, and still on the take  
Even Tevin Campbell's money, the greed is so great  
You probably dance around your mansion, like Cirque Du Soleil  
Everything is paid for, you don't have to pro-rate  
I ain't hatin', I'm not hatin', I'm just sayin'  
You makin' money off the next man's struggle. Why you can't pay him?  
They made millions off them Beef DVDs  
But didn't pay K-Solo or Eazy E  
It's called Blaxploitation  
Another one of Canibus' paranoid statements that's why I'm famous  
I'm just tryin' to tell niggas how the game is  
Beef in Hip Hop is just aimless entertainment  
If I shoot you, I'm blameless, but if you shoot me, you famous  
What's a nigga to do? Now ain't that the goddamn truth  
No matter what Hip Hop always lose!  
Wake the fuck up

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Post Traumatic Warlab Stress"

(feat. DZK & Warbux)

*[Canibus:]*

I'm the black mutant of rap music, half human half Vladimir Putin

After plasma transfusion I became Rasputin

The master of translucence who lives in a green house

Creatin' green gas pollution, smokin' hash from hookahs

Before Lucifer sent me back to the future to smash computers

Assassinate classes of students, I spare those who show classic improvement

Produce magik acoustics, supreme music using dreams so lucid

I can visualize my future and chose it, I never abuse it

I'm ruthless but Canibus is super illumine

You know what? I read the blueprint

Sometimes it seems like my eyes are wide shut like Stanley Kubrick

Mic Club the Curriculum II,

I changed the name 'cause I ain't in business no more with you-know-who

He stole from Killah Priest too, his name rhymes with Clue

I found out the same time as you,

You know what happens when you come from dishonest roots

You put roots on me, I put roots on you

"We live in a free country"

That phrase is so fuckin' funny, we know freedom is based off the money

Resources to hide behind lawyers, it must be lovely

When nobody can touch your lunch meat

We brainwashed, we can't get these white collar stains off

Poor Bernard Madoff belongs in the graveyard

The stock market trade off doesn't pay off

We get laid off, the country spirals into chaos

I'm no genius, I know enough not to trust FEMA

Their vaccines give ya eczema of the penis

The Tuskegee Jesus verses a sneaky Tuskegee Demon

What you gon' do when you see this? !

The oldest religions, the coldest magicians

Transmittin' live from Hell with heat stroke symptoms

Symbicort is a success for those short of breath

Got to wait for the next check 'cause I can't afford it yet

DZK come slaughter the set, tell Warbux he got next

Post Traumatic War Lab Stress

*[DZK:]*

I always open wide like a great white, mouth full of steak knives

Chewin' through the sewer's main line 'til it drain dry

And when you're waist high in waste

I make planned attacks on every last base camp in your wasteland

I scheme for weeks and draft designs on how to craft my rhymes like a mastermind

Whether young or past your prime I'll eat you alive

Ain't no motherfucking reason to try, just die

Hope you're ready to run

I'll cut the tongue out of my son just to stay number one  
No one will ever sit on my throne except my clone replica  
Who will never be better than what they stole the genetics from  
    Gangbang, the beats we slang language  
    Which alleviates your teenage angst and break cages  
    Now we're runnin' through the streets with our leash off  
        Eatin' all your stray pets shittin' on your police cars  
        Cause' I'm a beast dog, you don't want no beef punk  
            Hit you with a meat log bigger than a tree trunk  
I kick the shit that make you pee all in your jeans chump  
    Clean up after my show better bring a steam pump  
    I fuckin' breathe funk ain't no fuckin' Tic Tac existing  
    That's big enough to clean up this act you're trippin'  
    You cannot begin to comprehend, if you cross me  
        The position you'll all be in  
This isn't battle rap, maggot, this is me with a battle axe  
    Swingin through your Cadillac imagine that  
You fuckin' headless metal wreckage in the shattered glass  
    I give a fuck about your backpack and faggot ass  
        Dim those lights I'm kimbo Slice on a mic  
        But I don't lose none of my big pro fights  
        I just bruise dudes twice my size and crews move  
When I maneuver through 'em smooth they know who's who  
    I clear the room with a sonic boom and nuclear plume  
    You should assume I ain't got a lotta provin' to do  
    I'm bring doom to musicians with a feminine groom  
        Kanye West, best believe I'm looking at you

*[Warbux:]*

Call it I'll by design, that's how to define us  
Cause in the Warlab with me we got it down to a science  
    This is underground at it's finest  
    The most talented rhymers around  
    Shittin on all of you clowns and cowards who sign us  
        So go ahead you'll have hell of a time  
        Tryin' ta find a rapper with lines as compelling as mine  
        You talking about a fellow with the will to confine himself  
        To a cellar developing his rhymes for years to stay on his grind  
            This is Melatonin Magik  
        You wet behind the ears like playing telephone with faggots  
            So let em know, they spend an o and cellulose and acid  
        These heads will roll, we send 'em home in yellow woven baskets  
            The ninja rap stars just as explodes to the scene  
            My blades will cut up your back like a rowing machine  
            It could get ugly if they don't intervene  
Cause I could make your life flash before your eyes like I'm throwing it beads  
    I'm incoherent or so it would seem  
        No I'm esoteric and don't care if you know what I mean, that's the spirit  
Cause it's apparent if you took half of what passes for lyrics and compared them to mine  
    Hip hop should be fuckin' embarrassed  
        So did you really want to flow with the gods?  
        I'm too educated, haters couldn't cope with the odds  
            See I studied Biggie and Pac, Hova and Nas

Paganini and Bach, Beethoven and Brahms  
You are now in the presence of a master musician  
I craft my rap with the precision of a mathematician  
    Or a surgeon, performin' a thoracic incision  
A magician escaping out of his shackles in prison  
    Before you could even finish saying oh my god  
I'll spit a motherfuckin' verse to fill your whole ipod  
    I'm the rip the jacker prodigy  
Motivated by the golden age of rap back in the older days  
The incredible little fellow with rhythm and timing on instrumentals  
The shit I've said in the rhyme could be considered a federal crime  
    Like blowin off your head with a 9  
Anyone with a shred of intelligence could tell it's just ahead of it's time  
    I'm too sick, ain't even talking about the music  
    Keep my fuckin' name out of your mouth, need a toothpick?  
    You a little confused like who's this dude  
    "This is a W-A-R-B-U-X exclusive"  
    The underdog, like back in the bible with Noah's arc  
        To entrusted military titles to Joan of Ark  
        To Napolean Bonaparte down to Rosa Parks  
And the medics attempting rescue, breathin' on Owen Hart  
    This fucker 'Bux is the shit  
    So who really gives a fuck if he's busting a clip  
    In public drunk in the trunk of your whip  
The diabolical, alcoholical, comically pharmaceutically phenominal  
    Product of poppin' pills  
    And you are not as I'll, check your doctors bill  
    I'm more dangerous in the streets than a toxic spill  
        Yo this is 50 bars of sickness  
Consider it a Christmas gift to you 'Bis don't forget this

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Air Strike (Pop Killer)"

(feat. D12 & DZK)

*[Sample from Tim Westwood interview: Eminem]*

"If you're an MC and you mention my name in the wrong way  
You draw first blood, I'm gonna come at you"

*[Kuniva:]*

War Lab, call us haters all you want  
Fuck it call me a hater, full blown instigator  
Leavin niggas on intubators breathin like Darth Vader  
I hate people that pack guns but they don't bust 'em  
Or bitches that come back to my room but they ain't fuckin  
Pistol clutchin, the Dozen, you heard it don't get is misconstrued  
Whatever we do'll hit the news once we get the tools

*[Samples: Eminem]*

You're an emcee and you mention my name  
In the wrong way, and you draw first blood, I'm comin

*[Canibus:]*

You pushed D-12 to the side to sign Voltron 5  
If Proof was alive he'd be dyin' inside  
You ain't no hip-hop messiah, you a bitch, 'cause you dissed Mariah  
Shit like that supposed to be private  
I'm a fry you on behalf on Mariah and Michael  
Put you back on them drugs, make you suicidal  
You can't shut the record down, nigga it's vival  
When you use the word 'nigga', just remember your idols

*[DZK:]*

I got a question, I'm white, can I join D12?  
I'll sell you four million records then I'll tell you go to hell  
Leave Swifti in charge, then remove all the stars  
And make the group wish Bizarre shot pool in a bar  
An assault lawyer stop the beat, suing us all  
I really do hope you know who get involved  
Cause I'm a fan and I'll get you for a Nick Cannon dissin  
And you already know how fuckin sick Canibus is

*[Swifti:]*

I hate a bitch-ass nigga just as much as I hate fags  
I love goin to war but I hate when they raise the flag  
These niggas hittin the streets spittin venom on me  
Then start renegin the beef, I hate peace treaties  
Forever yo' enemy I increase beef as Amityville's finest  
Cause I don't believe in stoppin violence  
I'm a tyrant that'll snatch my respect and scram  
I use a uzi cause I hate a Tec when it jams

I hate when dudes treat this like life a movie  
Usin rap as his excuse to do shit and they only move ki's in the booth  
I piss on niggas hands, whoever's grown, patches and tombstones  
I hate 'em ass when I break into a home  
I'm barefaced, I clap your cat, ramsack it  
That's what I'm wearin black and I hate goin out the back  
So call me a hater, walkin detonator, I ain't afraid  
To stick this blade into your fade in front of spectators

*[Samples: Eminem]*

You're an emcee, big small it doesn't matter  
No matter how big I get, I just want people to know

*[Canibus:]*

You the devil in a red dress on MTV  
You sign more black people than a basketball team  
What sou trying to say subconsciously? You can't rock the beat like me  
Consciously you know I rock you to sleep  
Slim Shady you a coward 'cause you scared to rap with me  
The only black man you respect is 50  
And the greatest of all time was dead right  
You dead wrong, you shouldn't have even be on that song

*[DZK:]*

He fell off so hard this faggot broke his accent  
I'm flippin through the channels seein Bruno get his ass sniffed  
And I'm disgusted man, what the fuck is wrong with you?  
Why'd you date Mariah? Mariah's not a fuckin dude  
You never even saw her nude and you busted two  
Must have been thinkin 'bout your stepdad touchin you  
But that ain't nothin new, I asked your ugly crew  
They verified it, so bitch quit lyin

*[Canibus:]*

I remember the first time we met, I ain't even liked you  
Walkin' around my vido set like you was in high school  
It must excite you seeing black people being tribal  
That's why Dr. Dre signed you  
I bet you right now you got a big rotten Rosenberg beside you  
Trying to be just like your father, inside you  
Your Stan android fanboys need to kill that noise  
I know what you thinking... kill that boy

*[DZK:]*

We leavin Elvis funny money makin pelvis shattered  
Let's see you square dance now, let's see you hold your bladder  
Let's see you fire back Em where's the fire at it?  
Suicide hotline time, go dial that  
Put on that "8 Mile" hat and write a vile track  
Get at some people that can actually diss you back  
No more target practice on retarded actors  
And pop stars, Marshall you're not hard

*[Samples: Eminem]*

Whatever happens to me in this game

I've always got my ear to the street

*[Canibus:]*

Rengade Schemenegade, you pink like lemonade

I've been better than you before Genesis was made

You ain't better than Black Thought, you ain't better than Mos Def

You ain't better than Canibus, Professor Griff Hotep

So renegade Schemenegade, you pink like lemonade

I penetrate through Hailey's Comet with metal blades

Yeah! You and I both know why I'm saying this

I hope Whoo Kid get fired for playing this

*[Bizarre:]*

Get off, Nikolai Volkoff, mazeltov

Ready to show off, fo'-fo'll blow your do' off

Blowin off steam, goin off the beam

Let the 9 sing, bitch this ain't a dream

Bitch I'm the king, color me bad

Skinny jeans, what happened to the sag? You makin me mad

Y'all a bunch of JJ Fags, now who the fuck is bad?

Motherfucker I'm bad!

Call me a hater

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Fraternity Of The Impoverished"

(feat. Professor Griff)

*[Canibus:]*

Fraternity of the Impoverished  
Knowledge this, knowledge this

The vocalist beast, knowledge like the pope in this piece,  
You think the ocean is deep? Fuck with me!  
Unbelievable bars, unbeatable odds,  
Unspeakable horrors at a unperceivable cost  
Your unagreeable response lacks thought and human heart  
This is Lyrical Law, it's what I make the music for  
My prayers are simple, my forehead is layered with wrinkles  
Because of all the hardships that I've been through  
Symbolic Hip Hop prophet speak to your subconscious  
Fringe politics got the public thinking the opposite  
I'm a hypo-lyrical spontaneous alchemical  
Elite neo-liberal child of the indigo  
Drilling holes through the Faraday cages of your brains  
Then I implant the arcane image of Saint Germaine  
High lyrical exponent intelligence quotient  
When I'm focused I can engage multiple opponents  
But I won't if, I have no motive, "Soldier be careful, it's loaded!"  
Verbose with emotions of psychosis  
In case you didn't notice when I wrote it,  
I'm spitting lyrics fitting in tighter spaces than outer-space roaches  
A real MC don't have to do what he don't wanna do  
And that includes freestyling in front of you  
It's not like something gone change,  
It's not like the whole world gone start praising my name - I stay in my lane  
I'd rather die by living brave then live like a slave  
I'd rather be broke then be fake and get paid  
These layers of physicality challenge me  
My soul is gold and it's the only thing that's able to balance me  
My energy body has a alchemical copy that looks godly  
Not fat, out of shape, and sloppy  
The iller the rhymes the more that I embody  
Vilified when real recognize real - I gets mines  
Stand with the underdog - don't be a coward  
Stop dickriding people for their money and power!  
Even an American flag says 'Made in China'  
The national debt says the US is a vagina  
Of a black widow spider spraying blood out like a geyser  
Why do we lose everything we fight for?  
Fathers, mothers, sons, daughters  
In the land of the lawless, sacrificed before Horus  
The Inca, the Aztecs, the Mayans, were masters  
A new beginning is coming - the irony is classic

The potential of life versus the potential of death  
Either way you go through mad mental stress  
God forbid for you, for her, or him  
We ignored the gems now we gotta do it all again  
We failed Hip Hop's laws and brought down shame upon our cause  
Now we will fall upon our swords  
The Shaman pays homage to Solomon  
He orders them to send the witchdoctor in, then asked me to rhyme again  
Every now and then I get retarded and spit  
I would like to apologize to every artist I dissed  
Everybody assumes that I wanna rhyme but I don't  
Sometimes I just wanna chill and watch you flow  
Mysteries of the cathedral, the dark overlords are evil  
Ripped out the vocal cords of the people  
I walk up to your bed side disguised with red eyes  
And tell you to remember these rhymes  
This is the season of Hip Hop believe it or not,  
I lined it up with the planet's equinox

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Dead By Design"

(feat. Professor Griff)

*[Professor Griff:]*

Canibus

Throwing melanated molotov cocktails

Engineer directly out of Full Sail

Ripping the jacker, ain't nobody nastier

Spitting and grabbing facts and data to enhance ya

Canibus the lyrical adjective killer

*[Canibus:]*

My Melatonin Magik is enhanced by the melatonin tablets

Come take a walk with Canibus

Ardipithecus Ramidus, what the fuck is Melatonin Magik Bis?

I still ain't understanding this shit

Okay, my brain is a microchip

My two balls with a cane is a macro-dick, I rap so sick

I created swine PLOO out of an infinite mix

You tried to diss but can't even spit, you just stand there and wish

With your hand on your hips, man you a bitch

Who the fuck is you to criticize a lyrical king

You see, that's my problem, I spit a thousand bars y'all was silent

I ain't heard nothing about it

I had to give you three years to recognize

And then I realized, can't nobody even fuck with my rhymes

The Internet is an early telepathic building set

My lyrics are international nuclear missile threats

The blogosphere is where you vent frustration and discontent

But children don't understand the concept of consequence

So yes, it's immature to express disrespect

But no I will not accept what the media says

They are the reason we are being mislead

There are forces above them that feed off our stress, suffering and debt

I am Dead by Design, 'cause nobody tells me what to rhyme

I make up my own fucking mind

There are more of us than them

But at the same time they are gods and we are just mortal men

Thirteen levels above 33, let me say it again

They are gods and we are just mortal men

I cannot imagine their power

They put a black family in the White House just so they can take away ours

You tryna to plan a great escape? You're a coward

They gon' make us march into a gas chamber make us think we're taking a shower

Mommas and babies is crying

The children of Zion belong to Skynet, nobody knows who's behind it

So if you don't care, fine then, I don't care either

But I ain't spineless like you, I'm a true believer

In the metaphysical ether, you listening to the lyrical reaper

The spiritual teacher, empirical speaker  
After this album they gon' call me a leader  
But I'm not, Killuminati just gon' murder me like Pac  
Blood sacrifice or not, I don't even wanna be alive  
If it's like that, then fuck Tiamat  
You can laugh at my appearance  
Well fuck you for standing there staring, fuck everything on this planet  
Including the evil spirits, notwithstanding the aliens  
Acting like they don't hear us, there's no need to fear us  
Just come down and help us, I love James Brown more than I love Elvis  
But that don't mean I'm selfish  
Soft but hard on the outside like shellfish  
Crispy, crunchy, black crawling out of Hell's pit  
You scream for hardcore, I felt it  
But what you gon' do when they kill me on some Eminem and L shit?  
You won't do a motherfucking thing  
'Cause let me tell you why, you a coward and you don't know shit  
'Cause if my Brothers stand next to me, the energy expands collectively  
The world was never ready for me  
And they ain't ready for their own freedom neither, they perish from the heater  
The fire breathers crawl out of their cage to eat 'em  
Like thin crust pizza, Cthulhu creatures with rough features  
Jeepers creepers, good luck with Jesus  
How many meters? Reload and squeeze it  
I run up in the Vatican with demons, just to get even  
That's where the biggest demon is  
It's no secret, but nobody else sees it, so they won't believe it  
But that's when I calm back down, the key word is back down  
I got possessed by my own raps, wow  
Knock knock, who's home? The black Dan Brown  
I didn't mean what I said, please don't kill me now  
My ghostwriter's not around, plus it was just a freestyle  
But at least I got better beats now  
Meanwhile, motherfuckers still mad, I feel bad  
I'd apologize but you acting like a real fag  
What the fuck I'm supposed to feel like?  
Twelve years later I still don't get acknowledged for shit that I write  
But I don't want to talk to you now  
It'd be a motherfucking miracle if you even see me walking around  
They still ask me about 'Second Round' even now  
[Interviewers voice] Canibus can you tell us of what happened again? - Look at this fucking clown  
Can't get over it, they ask me a loaded question  
And act like I'm the one that's promoted it, hang up on 'em  
You a cyborg unit with no soul to it  
Stupid surrogate, twelve years later I'm on some other shit  
And so is the whole world, look at the mother ships  
And so is the whole world, look at the mother ships

*[Professor Griff:]*

After this album they gon' call me a leader but I'm not  
The Illuminati just gon' kill me just like they did Pac  
Blood sacrifice or not  
It's Professor Griff the ex-minister

Signing out

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Only Slaves D.R.E.A.M."

Do you think that the powers that be  
Are goin' to let you do what you want to do for eternity?  
Of course you don't, so what do you fear?  
Why you spazzin' out, why you so scared?  
Everybody wanna be first, nobody wants to be last  
Do you think a God that created this would watch all of us die while others just laugh?  
What happens when the money system crash?  
And there's no more value in the cash?  
You gon' suck dick and sell ass?  
You gon' try to fight back with' ya hands?  
You probably gon' change your money into gold  
You gon' use that to try and buy soul  
Buy some drugs with it, buy a peice of hole  
Don't tell me, I don't wanna know  
You need to come up with a better plan  
The Devil smash metal weapons like glass  
Right now we out-matched and out-classed  
We have to stay on a spiritual path  
'Cause in the absence of love we blastin' one another with blood  
Media shows up to capture the buzz  
I'm a child of God and a rapper from the gutter  
I'm six of one and half a dozen of the other  
This is not one of those 'I told you so' moments  
This is just Canibus being open  
Lower egoic minds brush aside  
But can't nullify the high science that is coming from the rhymes  
I couldn't believe it the day that I was told  
That every person alive does not have a soul  
And is not in control of these cotton pickin' bowls  
Politicians declare the war of attrition on the globe  
And stole all the fishin' holes  
Grandma got the chitlins on the stove,  
That'll overload the senses in your nose  
Young folk can't even afford to get old  
How many Youtube views before you go gold?  
How many albums last week you sold?  
How many leak downloads?  
Oh, you still believe in Soundscan, bro?  
Don't be discouraged  
Write and produce and record and you love it  
This is your Art, and that's the point of it  
When you get paid from it, things change people behave stubborn  
And say rude things to judge it  
They want you to thug it, so they can have you like a test subject  
Handcuffed and take mug shots of it  
I told you before I'm nobodies spit puppet  
I say what I want, you take what you want from it

This is a social experiment put on by the public  
Hip Hop is completely corrupted  
You ain't rappin' 'bout that, you ain't rappin' 'bout nothin'  
I ain't never gon' starve, I been white tail huntin'  
Ya'll motherfuckers is buggin', speakin' with no substance  
Hip Hop's the way it is because of you cousin  
It ain't my fault, you locked me out of it  
99 percent of my fans ain't nothin'  
But scumbag, scumbuckers, blood suckin', cock fuckers  
My lyrics too advanced for the average block hustler  
You know my name, I'm deeply inspired  
On a mountain lion meat diet, eat and be quiet  
Recycle the fire and deep fry it  
That line is hot, but you said it before, you get a C-  
My shit is timeless like the Great Wall of China  
Sick in the biggest way like a dinosaur virus  
Spreadin' through Verizon Wireless  
Homeland Securities tryin' it, just to see if you lyin' Bis  
They step to me, never thought it would happen like this  
You a flight risk, we need that microphone back Bis  
Diversionary tactics, Magik madness  
Canibus, you can't leave this miserable prison planet, God damnit  
We don't care what you're fans think  
'Cause 99 percent of all of the don't exist  
The observer changes the properties of the observed  
This is done with your mind, not with your words  
Word? Yeah, I'm about to show you nerds  
You book worms really startin' to get on my nerves  
I can't talk like you, but I can understand you  
I know what this entire ordeal can expand to  
I love Hip Hop, I've always been a fan too  
I'm a big fan of everything you do  
I appreciate the purchases, the online searches  
I hope you enjoy the verses, it was great to be of service  
This was always my purpose  
I'm always workin' to be a better person everyday  
And still growin' like the Earth is  
Peace to the Gods and the Earths, kid

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Ripperland"

(feat. The Goddess Psalm One)

*[Psalm One]*

They told me I'm few and far between like oasis to the wilderness  
I'm still a mess but I climb it like a duplex  
Oooh yes! Baby I'm gritty and I'm Fabolous  
I'm pretty stupid, dumb enough to ask a fella "Can-I-Bus?"  
I ran, I rushed, I played it like a cello string  
Barely get hellos in the morning but we wrestling  
AM to the PM I'm preparing for the execution  
Stop bein sexist cause you weak as hell (I'm gonna do this fo' sho')  
I got the tent up in my hood with the chicken and the tater salad  
Listen and you'll make it past this  
Christian name, not quite a Christian rapper  
Wait until I'm finished, make yo' silly comments after  
Grown woman, not quite a girl rapper  
You only bustin open a book, learn the chapters  
Rapid fire comes the path to ghetto life  
And that's word to LP, I sleep when you fertilized  
I'm a, street talker, ghetto chemist  
You ain't a starter; I ain't finished  
Look at me boy, in my eyeballs  
You ain't pullin shit! This is my stall  
I'm a beauty, I'm a beast  
I'm as stingy as I wanna be, I'ma fest  
You're a fish in a school of whales  
And baby school won't be the only thing you fail, you fail

*[Chorus: Psalm One]*

I'm a, street talker, ghetto chemist  
You ain't a starter; I ain't finished boy  
You only bustin open a book, learn the chapters *[2X]*

*[Canibus]*

There once was a boy, his name was Jack  
He changed it to Rip so that he could rap  
There were those who observed to memorize what they heard  
They enjoyed the rhymes and the sounds of the words  
Such glorious poetry interwoven into code  
Rip had written something that would never grow old  
On the night of the Ripper's Eve  
Little boys and girls would sit with crossed knees and begin to read  
about lights in the sky, little green men with big eyes  
Their short size is only a disguise  
Sipping hot cocoa slow in the middle of the snow  
If you can spit a flow, then off to Ripperland we go  
Any +Quantum of Solace+ is brolics, Germaine Bond is modest  
I wrote my first doctorate in confinement

Between the choices I have made and choices made for me  
Reminds me of a story I should tell you in the morning  
I moistened my fingers and turned the page  
I must say, you're very sophisticated for your age  
I'm amazed you never have to be told to behave  
You raise your hand to speak and respond to your name  
I remember... the day I had changed  
The way I was struck by lightening in the rain  
Maybe some other time I'll tell you what I became  
I can tell you that I've waned in the pain of my shame  
It is written in books and carved into skin  
It is etched into every metaphor from within [echoes]

*[Chorus - repeat 2X]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Stomp On Ya Brain"

(feat. Journalist)

*[Intro/Chorus: Canibus]*

"If you can't walk the walk," nah don't even try it  
When I'm wired, I spit fire  
And come stomp on your brain, brain, brain...

*[Verse 1: Canibus]*

Yo! What about hip-hop, is so interesting?  
Emcees battle for respect, it's intensive  
Spit rhymes while I shimmy up the cliff side  
Before you ask why I'm tryin to show you where Rip died  
The questions give me more insight into your mind  
than them whack rhymes I hear you recitin all the time  
Restore and re-establish it, revive it, revamp it  
Refresh yourself with something organic, and mechanic  
Verses be so strong they are generally interpreted wrong  
Prone to correspond their responses from the songs  
Mr. Motherfuckin Know-It-All, bet you ten gold banola bars  
I'm smarter then those fifth graders are  
The writing technique is from a lion-headed beast  
Sciatic nerve got me spittin automatic words  
Ideas eliminated in the order they were created  
amid specitative language about how I even made it  
Rebel without a cause, spittin ten billion bars  
to the cold corpse cellophane wrapped on the floor  
There's more, I declare war, bomb 'em!  
Pound after pound I come stomp on 'em

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 2: Journalist]*

We bite without barkin, you just a target  
I shot darts and stomp on your brain in Doc Martins  
with boats shoes, so crude, my pardon  
Soon as the clock startin, show moves I got from old dudes  
who used to smoke Kools by the carton  
Set fire to you, I'm the arson  
Was clappin at cats, before they applauded for John Carson  
Anybody with good sense, know the footprints  
solemn leads is from the Air Max 93's  
'til everything you see is Siamese  
I've been stompin since chicks from Martin was buyin reeds  
We stomp on your cane, and sell it to niggaz  
The niggaz stomp on your brain  
Who wanna tangle with the black orangutang?  
I came to bang, it ain't a thang  
Name a name he'll be history

Nothin more than a mystery, a Stephen King novel  
Either they ain't been watchin or they need a clean goggle  
    to follow the footsteps of the T Rex, detect  
    whoever leap next from a speed jet without a parachute  
        Turn you into carrot soup troop

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3: Canibus]*  
The duck-billed dino was eaten by the eighty ton rhino  
    A very long time ago  
    Soul, rock and roll, RTJ double-oh  
    Now you know nigga, lock and load  
    How can I create the right sentence to help explain  
    how it feels when a whack emcee rhymes for Germaine?  
    Don't be a water brain, make you spit your rhymes in quarantine  
        Put you up against War Machine  
        Sixty second rounds, keep your metaphors clean  
        Sleepwalk when I dream, spit Listerine green  
        The (Microphone Fiend) on the scene  
    Call on them scream, he might break you off a sixteen  
    Laser beam lyrics comin at you at an altered speed  
    The (Altered Beast) don't pause for the beat  
    This is lyrical law, you will be among the first to compete  
        to run, walk or crawl over beats  
    The goal is too tall to reach, can't touch the Spit Boss' feet  
        You pole vault into a wall of defeat  
    I love Biggie cause I know what he means  
        When he told you, "It was all a dream"

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Beat Butcher Get Em"

(feat. Jaecyn Bayne, Son One & Chopp Devize)

*[Canibus]*

Yeah, Melatonin Magik

Jaecyn Bayne, Son One, Chopp Devize, Canibus *[echoes]*

*[Verse 1]*

Undergod soldier, runnin off toastin

A notebook and vocals, a smidge overdosin

Even when the D-boy system not coastin

You hear my spoken better than when Rae lost his focus

Crystalized opiate to victimize opponents

With addictive lines coated in, snares and some solar hits

Motive is to sew up in ya, dorest with a doper grit

Son, Can-I, and I, Pai Mai's chosen men

Transcontinental conniseurs of the art of war

Knockin off non-essential artists which ya shoppin for

The buck stops when I step in the voicebox  
and unload bars like they're several joy shots

Yellow light caution, my melatonin's archin

Sleep on me, and I'ma get to sleep stalkin

Technicians of lyrics, racketeering of sound  
that'll surely be your last at your burial grounds

*[Verse 2]*

Ayyy! Get 'em, metaphorically speaking, this set of bars  
is lettin off 'til several squads is deaded and weakened  
or probably beheaded and beaten, severed and leakin

I get it, started like before I parted I settled in Eden

But evolved over the course of time

More was just forced to fall off course for the shine (yeah!)

I'm the ultimate, no alternate

Swords can give, darts with tips, dipped in arsenic

Most sound like nothin like after me

Track murdered the graveyard's bustin at the seams

(When I crush) like a nug out of the bag of the trees

To be honest, your rhymes sound like rotten to me (word)

I'm the sun, I'm the rise, and the fall

When I die and collapse the whole sky'll dissolve

(Yeah) And I fight for the cause

You should say my name first when describin the boss

*[Verse 3]*

Put up your laptop break the boombox plug your infantry your iPod

No need for tough talk, or rockin up in the streets with Krylon

Hip-Hop is not forgotten, its been watered down like [?]

Tick tock me wavin the timebomb, blowin it up so it don't die off

That's why I'm on the job with balls to supercharge your ions

I be the icon you read about in multiple [?]  
Consulted by God, still open the third eye like I'm a cyclops  
To keep my mind strong, I memorize entire rhyme blogs  
Emcees try hard, but many just get sunk like a battleship  
And missin a bunch of requirements like [?] an asterisk  
Fact or fiction I can't tell the difference when half of these rappers spit  
Ignorant, I bet they don't even know what the meaning of whackness is  
You actually think you're good, sorry man, your talent is absent kid  
I guess them folks won't ever be dope no matter how much they practice it  
Illy inject the game with passion, puttin an end to the abstinence  
There's so many things for you to fathom but for now it's class dismissed

*[Canibus]*

(Get 'em!) As we proceed to emcee  
Keep it real recognize the skills over the beat  
Hold up, don't shine your boots up, you still suck  
You can't rhyme like this, unless you rhymin with US  
Fuck the questions~! Find out for yourself  
You got to find out who you help  
Service to brothers, service to others, service to self  
There's no way to tell  
Even if you got a mic in your grill  
You wanna sell? It's got nothin to do with bein ill  
I rock bells with a glass of water and a melatonin pill  
Put your soul into a spell, stay still  
The universe movin at a pace, perhaps it'll all be revealed  
For me this all happened because of a record deal  
For you, this happened because of what you all feel  
And now nobody can copy me, I am my own technology  
You pay homage to me electronically  
One out of three speak about they flawed philosophies  
Betrayal, that is the cause of all hypocrisy  
We are livin in the garden of technocracy  
I am my own technology, ten thousand G  
What's the weight of a light beam? Ask Killah Priest  
He gon' tell you that your soul is not ready to be released  
I'm a king with a slave's pair of feet, a flat-footed freak  
I walk around hooded in the streets  
Lookin for beats, the djinn creep lookin for beef  
They lookin for the emcees with the invisible speech  
So do not even look up at what you are beneath  
Just stare straight ahead and pretend you're on the beach  
My breathing becomes labored after they shock me with a taser  
I fell to my knees then they shot me with a laser  
Beat Butcha, one thousand bar street pusher like that  
Snap, spring coil tap, release trigger  
Melatonin Magik, metal drones with payload attachments  
Shoot me in the head 'til I stop rappin  
Jaecyn Bayne, Son One, Propane Germaine  
One day I'm a show you what we all made  
Melatonin Magik, the golden child chanted  
Daddy, the cell phone got too much static  
Melatonin Magik is now trackin all known air traffic

Unknown traffic, just red flag it  
Melatonin Magik, go to sleep, do not panic  
The heart of your soul is in the planet  
Melatonin Magik, turn your face to the left you maggot  
Don't look at me unless you want a challenge  
(Get 'em!) Architect, Chopp Devize  
Reverse polarity, optic eyes in the skies  
Melatonin Magik for minds like mines  
like mines, like mines, like mines

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Do It Live!"

(feat. Blaq Poet, Skarlet Rose & Presto)

*[Bill O'Reilly]*

"I can't do it... we'll do it live"  
"WE'LL DO IT LIVE, FUCK IT!" "Do it live!"  
"Look, I'll write it and we'll do it live!"  
"Fucking thing SUCKS!"

*[Blaq Poet]*

It's a slaughter nigga, Mickey & Mallory style  
Y'all niggaz is dead, and people callin me foul  
Cross you off the list, and chuck you over in a pile  
Let's get this shit settled, right here and right now  
I got this hard shit, in a smash  
I'm about the cash; stop lookin nigga, I'm the last  
motherfucker you gon' meet like this  
Turn your day pitch black, like I clicked the light switch  
The beat is nickle plated, one up in the chamber  
In the clip the remainder, blastin off in anger  
The Blaq Monsta, strike like the black mamba  
Have y'all motherfuckers runnin home to your momma  
Stay in yo' fuckin place, you know that I'm the ace  
If not, get the taste smacked out your fuckin face  
Everything I say, I mean it  
I'm the black motherfucker, straight outta Queensbridge

"We'll do it live"

*[Skarlet Rose]*

Streets is gritty, drama in the city  
We askin God for mercy but he showin you no pity  
You're hopin for a miracle, when your faith is cynical  
The only thing that matter to you is if you had your pistol full  
Sit back, uncontrolled rages  
Over y'all taxes, playin on different stages  
Rotten lives, speeches be contagious, who we are  
Cats who die, they don't make it too far  
We're quick to talk about things we shoulda done and never did it  
Things we started, and never finished  
We watch our children look at us with empty wishes  
They growin up with no restrictions, I wonder why  
Miscommunications, across the great states  
Blood flows down heaven's gates as we await our torturous fates  
Crimson, for all to see  
But only those with knowledge seem to see it biblically  
It's a harsh reality, placed in wise mentality  
Unholy matrimony, your true voice is true phonies  
Shadows creepin while you're sleepin

Young widows weepin, trustin these cats when you meet them  
This teach men before they descend  
Enter Nostradamus philosophy well fuck that, listen to my prophecy  
Well your blood run, now you're enemies  
You choose your path, now face your penalties  
No more gettin high, and drinkin Hennessy  
It's a new world ordered, not meant for humanity

*[Presto]*

I got that hazardous flow kids sniff with various cokeheads  
Y'all cats are halfway out the closet like Mario Lopez  
My infallible flow is sicker than subliminal phallic symbols  
of Walt Disney motion picture posters  
Sac section rises, sick as Opus, fixin the focus  
The scope of the magnum at whichever nigga's standin the closest  
Your amateur flow is not compatible to my notes its  
like Kanye I snatch your mic for thinkin that you so swift  
The magical melatonin omen roamin in the wide open  
Breast strokin in the fiery ocean, tokin on cyanide  
When I was smokin, I saw both of my eyes explodin  
Mind frozen with bad breath from goin into ketosis  
Nebaru geneticists, medieval torture methods  
Military weapons, botchilist, decoding Hebraic messages  
Nuyorican native, reincarnated, in the form of Satan  
The ladies, in a meditative state, sedated  
Inundated with the latest, my speech is upgraded  
Y'all niggaz ain't seein me, like the thong on Aretha Franklin  
Why am I so lyrical? Cause your rhymes are limited  
like a cockeyed cyclops who loses periphreal  
Attack mics, split backs like the passion of Christ  
My passion for what I write is like a massive appetite

*[Canibus]*

The appetite of Megalodon, pumping steroids in his arm  
His upper torso is bigger than yours  
Brave men will die, women will cry over the genocide  
But don't cry, dry.. your eye  
My left brain twenty percent, my right brain is more than that  
My pituitary gland is on crack  
That's why they barely understand where I'm at  
And while I rap, they say it's whack  
It's not wise to react, why is that?  
Cause consciously I'm black, subconsciously I'm darker than that  
The most controversial artist in rap  
When I step with my lyrics, I force them to fall back  
I was wounded in combat, and still crawled back ("Do it live!")  
Do it right the first time, I don't ever have to do it again  
Unless I rehearse it again and again  
Rotating floating spheres like clockwork rotating gears  
Counter-clockwise collating what you hear  
Over here, don't repeat what you heard, just remember what you learned  
Remember the last time you got burned  
Qualitative analysis is not enough to quantify Canibus

But do it live if you think you can handle this  
*[gunshot fires]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Sharpshootaz Blazin' Caps"

(feat. K-Solo, Born Son, Willie Dynamite & Maintain)

### *[Canibus]*

Sharp fangs! Sharpshootaz... sharpshootaz  
The poem is dolioform  
I arm wrestle you with my polio arm in a rodeo barn  
Nowadays I see emcees get on stage  
They look like parakeets in a cage  
Grab the mic like they afraid to palm it  
'til I bomb it, the LRADs lace the target  
The firearm long like fist-to-armpit  
Sergeant Sharpshoota, a gifted marksman  
Sip sake, rip the mic nigga watch me  
The kamikaze, Benihana your body  
Sour posses show up to your party  
Everybody go home now, put your microphone down  
Go boil some water, I'ma hold him down  
Interrogation techniques, I'ma show you how  
I'ma ask you two times, then after that  
I'ma roll you a blunt with a blasting cap  
You understand what I'm sayin? Your man's not playin  
You'll be twenty-one grams lighter after the weigh-in  
Sharpshootaz aimin, wolfgang came in to bang him  
Demo'd the nigga, then Maintain sprayed him

### *[Maintain]*

Yeah I sprayed him, it was strictly biz  
The way I laid him to rest yo it wasn't cause I hated him  
His bars were sendin him off, he was lost  
Now he's, six feet deep payin the cost  
Yo my enemies are unfit; they keep movin  
like they don't know I'm too strategic for this dumb shit  
You're hopin that I fail; but the race is been won  
But they don't know that because they slower than a snail  
It's too easy, but I don't feel guilty  
Cause if the slowpokes had it their way they would kill me  
Now how real is this situation that I stay in  
And when does a Sharpshoota got time for playin?  
My whole team aimin them red beams, it's no games  
It takes me no brains to leave you with no brains  
I got you so pegged this is so unfair  
You should start prayin to the man upstairs  
Cause really all I gotta do is cock and squeeze  
And your brain's on the ground lookin like cottage cheese  
While I'm in the trees with top notch emcees  
Sharin brilliant ideas and philosophies about  
how we're gonna stack this money and lounge  
In the town there's a whole lot of nothin around

Try to stop the process, and I'm huntin you down  
to put your faggot ass in front of the ground, now fuck around

*[Chorus: Canibus (K-Solo)]*

The Sharpshootaz, it's the Sharpshootaz  
Blastin at the blastin cap, bomb unit  
It's the Sharpshootaz, it's the Sharpshootaz  
Nothin but sharp fangs, paws and claws, let's do this!  
(It's the Sharpshootaz! It's the Sharpshootaz!)  
(If it's a mission that we on you know I mapped it out)  
(It's the Sharpshootaz! It's the Sharpshootaz!)  
(My whole team'll have you street dudes tappin out)

*[Willie Dynamite]*

Yo, me fall off in the game, picture that!  
You got beef in the street? And need heat?  
Call your man I get you that  
I got small ones that go pop pop, and click clack  
And big ones strong enough to push a bus back (BOOM!)  
And I still ain't forgot what you said nigga  
I'm down to turn that white tee you rockin  
into a ketchup bed  
When the slugs, catch up, to yo' head  
Hip-Hop you dead a closet casket you gon' rock instead  
So tell your mans ain't no need for sendin flowers and shit  
When I'm on the fiends come through and devour the shit  
The block is dry, leave it up to us to shower the shit  
You got beef, I slide through and Twin Tower your shit  
Dynamite, I'll harass you niggaz  
Like pullin your shorts down in front of chicks  
I'll embarrass you niggaz  
Actin like you John Gotti, we'll see how gangster you are  
when you find pieces of your son's body  
I fucked around and ate his lunch, now he got his hands full  
holdin his head and legs in the trunk  
The chick I'm with, I ain't hearin the bitch  
I'm rockin Sharpshoota shit, lookin for the next gear to switch

*[Born Sun]*

Aiyyo I squeeze on emcees like bullets never-ending  
Leave the machine smokin while the terror still spinnin  
Mujahadeen from Queens, an Arabian God  
Suicide bomb your squad screamin Allahu Akbar  
Hell gon' unleash release for beast wars  
Mad rapper with a backpack strapped with C4  
Barack Obama that popped the llama  
And bodily harm ya, shots penetrate your armor  
The young Yaphet Kotto in the dojo blowin 'dro  
Clappin the fo'-fo', wanted for murderin the flow  
Crazy muh'fucker I'm sick, it's been known  
Rhymes retarded and bars is downs syndrome  
I'm top raised to hit front page, up center stage  
with the gauge, that'll remove your hips from your legs

Back crackin vertabrate, attack and murder prey  
Don't ever war with Sun, I swore I thought I heard him say

*[Chorus]*

*[K-Solo]*

None of you niggaz in the block want beef  
You get slammed on your face like you fightin Tito Ortiz  
Plus I, wreck shop, your man'll hear your neck pop  
I do your whole clique with a 8 ball in a sweatsock  
I draw the line, cross it, you get shot  
My wolves'll leave the mountain and scatter the whole block  
I get the Mac out, splatter the whole block  
Come mad a whole lot, I said it to get it hot  
I wrote it so when I quote it I spit it, went POP  
You can disrespect me but not when I'm holdin the glock  
I paint my name on your back like connect the dot  
And YO! I'll get that movement in your neck to stop  
These motherfuckers know the fuckin deal  
See I don't fuckin sleep, you know my fuckin hand be on the steel  
Quick with ammo, come equipped  
when I squeeze the infra from the hip *[echoes]*

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Gold & Bronze Magik"

(feat. Bronze Nazareth & Copywrite)

*[Bronze Nazareth]*

They can't do shit with me like a custom model Tyson  
A herd of wild bison trying to get that cake without the icing  
Can't stop the poison, empty glass in intestine  
I'm destined to rest in the Sun, weed in the Westin  
Pulitzer Prize priceless verses is in the resting  
A new bible, witness tribal wars for block titles  
Vital organs stop, subtle  
Fiends like they're lions, when they get around the rock and huddle  
Undertake, bodies ungulate, under earthly underlays  
Unachieved summaries, no open warranties  
Cuz my flow is never broken like a pregnancy  
When I speak they'd rather see polluted clouds rain Hennessey  
Take you with no receipt like dope traffic currency  
Uninsured surgery when under my knife  
Some paid with a briefcase, some paid with their life  
My home sticks is Baghdad under U.S. plane strikes  
It's a useless vein tap with an empty syringe  
Injecting wind into the blood flow, sip ether and grim  
Smoke secrets from burning circles, sour diesel and singe  
The cloak, the grim reaper, creeping, sneaking, you in

*[Chorus 2X: sample from Bonnie Dobson "Milk and Honey"]*

Round and round, the burning circle  
All the seasons: one, two, and three

*[Copywrite]*

Yeah, I see it, yo, yo, uh-huh  
C-write, give it a little umph!  
Yeah, O dot Megahertz, you already know what it is  
Axe, inseminate the place, 614  
Yeah, you know what they say?

Behind my back they say he's very arrogant  
But they air they're inhaling in isn't there to sniff  
Dare to whiff and I'm tearing the air to get from where it is  
There's a chicken hailing and I'm tearing it through her pair of tits  
There's a kid, my fist is impaling him through his pair of ribs  
From a kamikaze, crazy bomber, drama like Shady's mama  
Fucking with bitches ugly as Biggie's baby's mama  
And I stay, mismatched to the socks  
Bitch laughed, said my name's dispatched to the cops  
Stitched patch on my crotch reads: "Kiss me I'm Irish"  
My click be the flyest, don't, excuse me, I'm biased  
But try us and lose the cocky smile, who could stop me now?  
When I'm right on the money like the illuminati owl

If I'm off a DJ mixed my accappella wrong  
Mozzarella's long enough to buy the rights to every Roc-a-fella song  
I'm lying, but not when I'm rhyming, my stock is hella long  
Too hot to mail a song, the mailman said he thought I mailed a bomb  
Rain, sleet, snow or hail, I'm smoking well  
Granted you'd think I was Spanish how wet I rolled an L  
To where they meet it, or see the chocha, I'm living la vida loca  
I'm Peter the chiba smoker, no reason to cease the dolja  
Breathing a leaf, Jesus, I've seen crows from beneath the roses  
That sweet aroma could wake Pete old cold from deepest coma  
But know the skills' on over kill until I reach the repeat's quota  
Put him out of business then hire him for cheap to clean the sofa  
Ends with the bones of Barbosa, flow's well written  
No help given, I'm self-driven like a chauffeur  
Still spitting that crazy shit, you don't like it?  
You could suck a fat baby's dick while it's dad babysits

*[Chorus 2X]*

*[Canibus]*  
Melatonin Magic MC  
One, two and three...

You are the reflection of an illusion, you do not exist  
What you feel is real, everything else is a script  
That they wrote for me, I hallucinate creepy crawlies  
Rhyming is a hobby, you can't even talk to me  
DJ's, radio stations, millions of listeners are prisoners  
Their salvation is not your business  
Canibus spit when Canibus wanna spit shit  
Got that? Don't let me have to tell you again  
The western world is spiritually sterile, in great peril  
We in the concrete jungle, where they spank Abe with the metal  
I rhyme for the betterment of the culture  
I don't spit no hot sixteens for promotion  
Or corporate vultures who act like they own us  
Self-expression is our birthright, not a bonus  
Hip-hop can govern, come together and show the whole world something  
The voices of the not so beloved...

*[Chorus 2X]*

*[Canibus]*  
Melatonin Magic MC  
One, two and three...  
I spit it 'til I'm free

This is lyrical law  
The golden flame turns the gold bars into bronze  
It draws upon magic from the stars  
This is one more storming of lyrical law  
If everything is in good order, I spit some more  
The moral of the story is this: don't get pissed

Because your upbringing was strict, cuz life is a gift  
You've got food to eat, you've got teeth to eat it with  
Shoes on your feet, don't be conceited, be content  
Even when you lose, think about what you did to win  
If you did the best that you can, you did a good thing

But you shouldn't smoke weed if you swim  
Don't buy assault rifles, don't fight dogs, don't hit your girlfriend  
Don't mix cocaine with unprescribed medicine  
And don't say it's over if you plan to do it again  
With that said, sleep tight tonight when you go to bed  
This is Public Service Announcement 2010

*[Chorus 2X]*

*[Outro: Canibus]*  
The Melatonin Magik MC  
One, two and three...  
Come sit with me, come sit with me...